¶ A Newe In

terlude of Impacyente pouerte newlye Imprynted.

W. W. L F.

¶ Foure men may well and eaſe lye playe thys Interlude.

Peace and Coll hallarde and Cõ ſcyence, for one man.

Haboundaunce and myſrule for another man.

Impaciente pouerte, Proſperyte, and pouerte, for one man.

Enuye and the ſommer for another man.

¶ Peace begynneth.

The puissaũt prynce and innocent most pure
whych humbly descended frõ the sete sẽpiternal
Illumyne hys beames of grace to euery creature
To wythstand the conflicte of our enemyes mortall
The deuyll, the world, & the flesshe, these. iii. in specyall
whych setteth dyuision betwene the soule & the body
In like wise enuy setteth debate betwene party & par
tye
I speake for this cause, dayly ye may se
Howe that by enuy and malyce, many be destroyed
which yf they had lyued in peace wt pacyent humilite
Ryches and prosperite with them had ben employed
For there as is peace, no man is annoyed
For by peace men growe to great rychesse
And by peace men lyue in greate quyetnesse
I am named peace whych enuye doeth expel
Enuy wyth me shall neuer rest
For enuye is one of the paynes of hell
when that he soiourneth within a mans brest
Lyke the burnynge Fenix in her owne nest
Though she can none other hurte ne greue
yet she doth not cease her selfe to myscheue
Enuye
I syr here was a longe predication
We though ye sayd in your communicatyon
To euery man peace was most behoued.
Peace.
Forsoth and so sayde I.
Enuye
That shalbe proued contrarye by and by
For by peace moche people are vndone
Peace.
what people are tho.
Enuye
The armurer, the fletcher, and the bowyer
Maryners, gonners, and the poore sowyer
yea and also many an other artyficer
whych I do not reherse by name

peace. I say the vnyuersall people doth best obtayne
where as peace is euer abydynge
Enuye. Thou lyest so god me helpe and haly dome
For then were surgyons cleane vndone
Of them that wyll fyght and breake apate
They gete good lyuynge both erly and late
And what sayest thou by men of lawe
Theyr lyuyng were not worth a strawe
And euery man shulde lyue in peace.
peace. That is not for the commons encrease
For by peace they profyte in many a thynge
Peace setteth amyte betwene kynge and kynge
In tyme of peace marchauntes haue theyr course
To passe and repasse
Enuye. Thou lyest knaue by the masse (wrought
For vnder colour of peace moch suttelte hathe bene
And thyps are taken ỹ marchãtes dere haue dought
was that for theyr promocyon
Nay in tyme of war
Suche a knaue durst not lere
By ỹ masse were it not for shame thou shuls here me
peace. Holde thy handes thou lewde felow (a blow
Thou arte of euyl dyspolicyon
Thus agaynst peace to repugne
The whyche from heauen descended downe
To bryngd man out of captiuite
nuye. A hoylon why doest thou lye
when were thou in heauen tell me by and by
Howcamest thou downe with a ladder or a rope
eace. It were no synne to hange the by thy throte
Thy wordes be enuyous, not grounded on charyte.
nuye. Syr one thynge I praye you tell me.
eace. What is that

Haue ye any wyfe or no
Wherfore aske ye so
Bycause ye saye peace is moste expedyent
yf your wife made you cuckolde you beyng present
what wolde ye do
Geue her suche punishement as longeth thereto
A falfe flatteryng horson loo
Nowe thou sayest agaynst thyne owne declaracyon
yf thou fyght where is then peace become.
I breake not peace with doynge due correctyon
For correctyon shuld be done charitably
Iracemini et nolite peccare
I shall mete that at omnium quare
Peace shuld forgeue, and not be reuenged
Hens horson by our lady of wolpit
I shall rappe the of the pate
Go hence wretche, thou make bate
It were almes to set the in newgate
Nowe may ster constable come nere
Here is a wretche wythout reason
Take and put hym in prison
with as many yrons as he may beare
By our lady I wyll come no nere
A constable, quod ha, nay that wyll I not abyde
For I am lothe to go horter tyde
yet longe horson for al thy pryde
I shall mete wyth the another daye
when one of vs two shall goo a knaue awaye
O thou wretche thou ought to remorde
That so farre arte exiled from charyte
Lo he thynketh not, how meekely his maker & Lorde
Suffered repreue and dyed vpon a tre
Geuynge vs example that wythe humyly

Euerì man ſchulde ſolowe his trace
That in heauen wyl clayme a place
Impacyent pouerte.
Hepe hepe for corsface.
why arte thou ſo out of pacyence
A knaue wolde haue reſted me I owe hym but .vi.
Ye ſhall abyde by goddes dere bleſſ. (pens
Take hede my frende thus ſayth the terte
In lyttle medlynge ſtandeth greatreſt
Therfore paye thy duetye well and honeſtly
with fewe wordes diſcretelye
Another tyme ye ſhall be the better truſte
That wil I neuer do while I liue let him do his beſt
I had leuer laye all my good to pledge
To gete a wryte of peyneledge
So may I go by his noſe at large
Spyte of hys tethe who ſo euer ſaye naye
This is but a wilful mynde, yf thou wilt not paye
They very duety, whych can not be denayde
Getynge of thy wyfe and expence in the lawe
wyl coſt more then thy duety, thys wyll I knawe
Thy dette therwith can not be payde
It is onely a deferringe of the paymente.
yet the knawe ſhall not haue hys entent.
Thou ſhalt paye by ryghtfull iudgement
For the lawe is indifferent to euery perſon
I ſe thou holdeſt on his opynion
yet I ſet not by you both a ryſſhe
And I mete the knawe I ſhal hewe his fleſhe
Helpe hym thou olde choſle and thou can
I ſe thou arte an euyl diſpoſed man.
I vtterly forſake thy condycyon
Mary auaunt longe pretyous horſon

I set not by the nor hym. I make God and we
I am as good a man as thou for all thy good
Let it be tryed by mãhode, and therto I geue the my
Al soch warryours I do reproue (gloue Peace.
For peace loueth not to fyght
No olde foole, thou hast loste thy myghte impat
For in age is noughte els but cowardyse ent po
youth wyth hys courage lyghte Peace.
Nor strenght wyth multitude I do the plyght
Are not onely the cause of victory
No good fyr. what then. impaci
Grace and good gouernaunce of man Peace.
For wyth good discretion thei began.
That were the greate winners of victory
Then victory is gotten by dyscretion impaci
I praye your fyr shewe me thys lesson tnt po
Howe to come to rychesse, for that is all my care
For I am euer in greate necessyte
Meate and drinke with me is scarsite
No man will truste me of a peny
And also my clothes are but bare
Good fyr what saye you therin
I holde it punisshmente for thi sinne. Peace
Shewe me what is thy name
I am named Impacyente pouerte impac
For soth that maye full well be Peace
Thou arte so full of wrath and enuye
In the can growe no grace
But yf thou wylte forsake sensualyte
And be gouerned by reason as I shall enduce the
Thou shalte come to rychesse, wythin shorte space
Shewe me that nowe in thys place impac
And therto I wyll agree

Thou muste loue thy neyghboure wyth charyte
Do vnto hym no maner of dyscase
Loke how thou wolde he dyd to the
Do to hym no wozse in no degree
And then thou shalt oure lorde please.
Shall I loue hym that loueth not me?
Those that trouble and rebuke me shamefully
That wyll I neuer do whyle I lyue.
Thou must charitably all fautes forgeue
what soeuer any man to the saye
Let as thou harde it not, turne thyne eare awaye
Thou shalte please god, yf thou so do.
Naye by good there hoo
what is he in all thys place
That wyll do as thys man sayde
Shewe me or I go
yf a man do you a greate offence
Wyll ye kepe your pacyence
Naye by god not so
I put case I breake your heed
wyll ye suffre that in verye dede
To suffer for Christes sake I shall haue mede
That wot I knowe by Goddes drede.
Holde thy hande and kepe pacyence
Thynke what Chryste suffered for oure offence
He was beaten, scourged, & spytte on wyth vyolence
And suffered death for our sake
yet he toke it pacyentlye
He forgaue hys death and prayed for his enemyes
Pater dimitte illis, hys sayinge was truelye
In example for vs to take
To be meke in harte: beaty pauperes spiritu.
Shal Chryste saye full euen

Et venite benedicti come my blessed chyldren
To the kyngdom of heauen.
Syr I thanke you, for your ghostly instruction impac
Unto your saying, I can make no delayaunce ent p
I putte me vnder youre gouernacion
And for myssedes, I take greate repentaunce
Then to my lainge, take good remembraunce Peace
Exercyse youre selfe in vertue, from this tyme hence
And vnto peace euermore be obediente
Set before euery sharpe worde, a shylde of suffraunce
And when tyme is of youre concupissaunce
Then pacifie it with benynge resystaunce
Syr gramercy, ỹ ye haue brought me to thys estate impac
By your aduertismēt I am wyllig to lyue in chrystes ent p
Ther as I haue offended him both erly & late (law
I serued hym not for loue nor for awe
Therfore nowe ryghte well I knowe
That powerte and myserye that I my lyfe in lede
It is but onely punishemente for my mysdede
Nowe or we any further procede Peace
Holde thys vesture and put it on the
From hence forth thou shalte be called prosperite
I thancke God and you, I am in felicite Prosp
Nowe vnto you I shall here shewe Peace
Of soche thynges as ye shall eschewe
Fyrste youre soule loke that ye kepe cleane
Beware of mysrule in any wyse
Playe not at caylles, cardes nor dyse
Also from myswomen, for by them mischefe may ryse
As it doeth often, this daylye is sene
Haunte no tauernes, nor sytte not vp late
Let not hassarde nor riotour, w̄ you be checke mate
For then wyll enuy come, and make debate

The whiche shall cause greate trouble
Be plentifull of soch as god hath sent
Unto the poore people, geue wyth good intente
For euerye peny that so is spente
God wyll sende the double.
Take hede and do as I haue sayde
Syr ther with I holde me well apayed
prospe. As ye haue commaunded me it shall be done
Then let vs departe for a season
peace. yf ye nede I wyll be your protection. Exiit ambo
Joye and solace be in this hall
Habou. Is there no man here, that knoweth me at al
I am beloued both wyth greate and small
Haboundaunce is my name
I haue all thynges as me lyst
Meate drynke, and clothe of the best
Golde and syluer fulfis euery chest
In fayth I wyll not layne
I thynke ye knowe not my wayes
Howe I gette goodes nowe a dayes
By a proper meane
Thynke you that I wolde
Lende eyther syluer or golde
That daye shall not ber sene
But I wyll lende them ware
That shall be bothe badde and deare
Not worthe the monye he shall paye
And yf he can no suerte gette
Of my ware he getteth ryghte nought
wythout a good pledge he laye
Then wyll I for myne auayle
He shall make a byll of sayle
To me full bought and solde

yf the daye be expyred and passe
Then wyll I holde it fast
He shall not haue it thoughe he woulde
Thus crafte I haue longe vsed
And some men do not yet refuse it
This is he openlye knowne
what is he in all thys towne
That wyll lende wythout synguler commodum
Shoulde I lende wythoute a profite
Naye then I holde noughte worthe my wytte.
All this ye saye, is agaynste conscience Conse
Conscience quod a, naye thē shall we neuer thryue Habo
For I knowe hym not a lyue
By conscience that commeth to substaunce
I haue all maner of marchandy
I sell for longe dayes to theym that are nedy
And for the paymente I haue good suertye
Bounde in statute marchaunte
Bycause I maye forbeare
I sell my ware so deare
I make.xl.of.xx.in halfe a yeare
Other men do so as well as I.
Euen synne, very shame marye fye Conse
these goodes are gotten vntrewelye
Many a man is vndone thereby
To take thys ware so deare
They seke to me bothe farre and neare Habo
We thincke it is a good dede
To helpe a man at hys nede
yet haue I other meanes
whereby I gette great gaynes
I thyncke ye knowe not that.
I, no God wote Conse

aboll. No ye are but an ydyote
I solde a man as moche ware, as came to .xl. pound
And in an oblygacyon, I hadde hym bounde
To paye me at a certayne daye
And when the bargayne was made playne
Myne owne seruaunt, bought the same ware agayn
For the thyrde penny it coste, ye wote what I meane
But was not thys a wyse waye?

onsci. Thou shalte repente it another daye
I charge the as farre as I maye
Soche false wayes neuer begynne

aboll. Wherfore this is no synne
It is playne byenge and sellynge
Lawfull it is for a man to wynne
Els ryche shall he neuer be.

onsci. Wynnynge to be hadde, with due sufficyence
In true byenge and sellynge, is not to dyscomende
But for thi false vsury thou art cursed in the sentẽce
I praye God geue the grace for to amende.

aboll. Is euery man accursed, that doeth bye and sell
Then shall no man wyth marchaundyse mell
Howe shall the worlde then be vpholde

onsci. Naye syr, amylle ye do vnderstande me
All those that occuppye false vsurye
And transgresseth the lawes of God by iniquitie
All soche are accursed I you tolde
Is for byenge and sellynge, nedes must be
And God cõmaundeth to lende to them that are nedy
So it be not to theyr iniurye
For luker to theym solde.

aboll. Howe shoulde I sel, shewe me youre wayes
onsci. ye maye not sell the dearer for dayes
yͭ ye doo, it is contrarye to Goddes lawes

It is vsed in oure Countrye
It is the moze pytye
One soche is able to destroye a Cytye
And God shewe not hys greate mercye
All soche are dampned by hys equite
God forfende that shoulde be
Howe shall men doo that be of greate reputacyon
Whyche kepte theyr goodes on this same fashyon
By vsury, dysceypte, and by extorcyon
I doo so my selfe, wherfore shoulde I lye
Thou mayste be the moze sorye
It is so nowe, what remedye
Doo make restytucyon
What call ye restytucyon
Restore soche goodes as ye haue gotten
Wrongefully by oppression
Then shall I haue lyttle in my possessyon
I wyll make God amendes, another waye
I wyll faste, and I wyll praye
And I wyl geue almes euery daye
That I haue done amysse, I am sory therfore
This is not sufficyente, thou muste restore
Quia non dimittitur peccatum
Nisi restituatur ablatum
ye muste restore to theym, ye haue offended vnto
Then I shall shewe you what I shall doo
I wyll putte it in my Testamente
That myne executours shall paye and contente
For whyle I lyue, I wyll not haue my good spente
For yf I do I am but spylte
Ake amendes man for thy gylte
Rather spyll thy bodye, then spyll thy soule
Men of substaunce are ashamed to fall

That causeth them to rest in theyr synne
yet euer with thy strongest part rennest the ball
yesterdaye thou canst not agayne call
when ỹ art dead ỹ gate of mercy is shut ỹ can not come in
Then let hym stande wythout
So of thy soule thou haste no doute
When thou seest my soule tozne set on a cloute
yf falshode, vsury, and extozcyon shoulde not route
Thousandes in thys realme shoulde be put out
The thyzde parte shoulde not byde by saynt Paule
yet often falshode hath a greate fall
An example by kynge Achab whych is sothe
Delyzed the vyneyarde of that pooze man Nabothe
By counsell of Jezabell that kynges wyfe
Bycause he wolde not sell hys possessyon
Of two false witnesses he was peached of hye treason
And thzough the mouth of a false quest it raue
which caused the pooze man to lese both land & lyfe
After that of goddes owne byddinge
Came Helias the pzophet to Achab the kynge
Sayinge he shoulde haue euyll endynge
And so he had, foz by the waye as he rode
He fell & bzake his neck, wher dogs lapped his blode
thys exãple to al vsurers & oppzessours as thinketh me
Shuld cause thẽ of god soze adzed to be. (cõtrary
Syz ye pzeache very holily, but our dedes be often
ye be so acquaynted wyth couetouse and symony
That maketh vs to take the same waye
So euery euyll dysposed person doeth saye
The fraylte of man doeth often offende
Then call foz grace, and shortely amende
Therfoze I counsell the to pzetende
To repente and be sozye foz thy mysdede

yet thus I wyll my lyfe lede
For of your sayinge I take no hede
ye wyll mucker vp bothe golde and treasure
ye haue ryches wythout measure
And of the flesshe ye haue youre pleasure
ye cā fynde no wayes to amend your selfe I you insure
Therfore rebuke not me for my synne ne good
God be wyth you, ye shall not rule me
Odille wyte plunged by ygnorraunce
Regardynge nothynge of ghostly instructyon
Settynge more hys minde on worldly substaunce
Then on the euerlastynge lyfe that is to come
God wyl stryke when he lyst, ye knowe not how sone
Therefore to euery man thys counsell I geue
To be sorry for your sinne, & do penaūce while ye lyue
Here cometh enuye runnynge in
Laughyng, & sayth to conscyence.
Nowe in fayth I wolde ye had be there
Where shulde I haue be.
A better sporte ye neuer se.
Whereat laughe ye so fast
Ye to go and be after.
And wythin a whyle he caughte her
Ye toke of her an incroke
And choppe her on the hele wyth hys foote
Anone he whyppe her on the backe
A horlone quod she, playest thou me that
And with her hele she gaue hym a spat
That he was fayne to go backe agayne
Good felowe thou arte to blame
Soche wordes to haue, no good thou cam.
I sayde it to make you sporte and game
I crye you mercye, I was to blame

I se ye are some vertuous man

Consci. Shortely hence that waye thou came
For here thou shalte not be

Enuye. Good Lorde some succour thou sende me
That I be not oute caste

Consci. what is thy name, shortely shewe me

Enuye. I dare not syr, By Christe Jesu
Excepte ye kepe it preuelye

Consci. Feare not saye on hardelye

Enuye. Syr, my ryghte name is charitie
Sometyme beloued I was wyth the spyritualtye
But now coueteouse & symony doeth them so auaūce
That good institutyon is turned to other ordynaunce
And bonum exemplum is put to suche hynderaunce
That here I dare not apeare

Consci. Symony is not nowe in the spyrituaultie
Bonus pastor ouium, therto wyll see
Therfore me thynche thys is a lye
In holy Church symony can not abyde

Enuye. Ye goeth in a clocke, he can not be espyde
And coueteouse so craftely doeth prouyde
That bonus pastor ouium, is blynde and wyl not see

Consci. Thys that ye speake is vppon enuy
Therfore I thincke ye be not charytye
For charytie alwaye wyll saye the beste

Enuye. Amonges theym can I haue no reste

Consci. Howe do ye wyth the themporalty

Enuye. There is pryde, slewth and lechery
whych putteth me from that place

Consci. Then be ye wyth the communaltye

Enuye. They despyse me vtterlye
One of theym loue not another
the syster can not loue the brother

Ne the chylde the father ne mother
There I dare not shewe my face.
This is to me a straunge case — Consci.
What heare ye by conscyence.
& Spirituall & temporal set agaynst him maruaylously — Enuye.
Marchantes, men of law, & artificers of euery degre
They wyl hange hym and they hym espye
Soch exclamacio goeth through this realme round
Why what faute haue they founde — Consci.
wyth hym so to do
Hys wytte is noughte, they saye also — Enuye.
Euerye man putteth hys wyll thereto
To banyshe hym for euer.
I knowe well it is not as ye saye — Consci.
For I am conscyence the hye iudge of the lawe
Be ye conscience, alas that euer I thys day sawe — Enuye.
yf ye be taken, ye shalbe hanged and drawe
For they haue vtterly put you downe
And set couetyse in youre rowme
Subtylte the scrybe hys owne cosyn
And falsshed the sommer for the courtes promocyon.
I maruayle wherfore thys was done
When ryches came before you that noch wyl paye — Consci.
There he had lyued in lynne many a daye — Enuye.
ye shulde for money lette hym go quite awaye
And put hym to no shame
Let pouerte do penaunce for a lyttle offence
He is not able to promote you of .xx. pence
Then shulde ye haue kepte your residence
And gotten your selfe a good name.
Who so doeth they are to blame — Consci.
In myscorderynge them in soche wyse
ywys cosyn I shewe you as nowe is the guyse

For by couetyse moche people doeth bpryse
whych is agaynst both you and me
Conscy. Charyte I praye you shewe what remedye
In thys matter for me may be founde
Enuye. Shortely get you to wylderness, or some other regyō
For they wyll hange you vp at the Tybourne
yf they fynde you in thys place
And I muste departe also
Consci. Thys is to me moche sorowe and woo
I wyll go into some farre countre
Farwell gentyll coslyn charyte
Enuye. I shall praye for you, praye ye for me.
Thys is an heauy departynge Et ploza
I can in no wyse forbeare weepynge
yet kysse me or ye go
For sorowe my harte wyll breke in two.
Is he gone, then haue at laughynge
I syr is not thys a ioly game
That conscience doeth not knowe my name
Enuy in fayth I am the same
what nedeth me for to lye
I hate conscience, peace loue and reste
Debate and stryfe that loue I beste
Accordyng to my properte
when a man louethe well hys wyfe
I bryng theym at debate and stryfe
This is sene daylye
Also betwene syster and brother
There shall no neyghboure loue an other
where I dwell bye
And nowe I tell you playne
Of one man I haue disdayne
Prosperyte men do hym call

Ye is nye of my blood
And he to haue so moche worldly good
That greueth me worse of all
Jesus that is bothe stedfaste and stable Prosp
Euer persteuerant and neuer mutable
Ye saue thys congregacyon
welcome pouerte by cors passyon Enuye
Howe haue ye done thys many a daye
I thanke god as well as any may Prosp
ye call me wrong my name is prosperyte
Prosperyte wyth an euyll happe Enuye
Howe the deuyll fortunelle that
I knewe the impacyent pouertye
what so euer I was let that matter pas Prosp
And take me as I am ryte.
I crye you mercye I was to blame Enuy
To call you by your olde name
yet all these people thynke ye are the same
impacyent pouertye as I sayd before
Auant I tell the. I am gentylman bore Prosp
yf I heare the reporte suche wordes any more ryte.
Thou shalt be punysshed like a knaue.
Aknaue quod a, by cors passyon Enuye
I am youre owne cosyn
And nye of your consanguynite.
Thou and I are not of one affynyte Prosp
yf I were a ryche man, ye wold not saye so by me Enuye
ye wold then say I were your next kynsman on lyue
I saye go hence and make no more stryfe Prosp
I set not by suche a pore haskarde, ryte.
Syr do not ye knowe my name Enuy
I knowe the not by saynt Jame. Prosp
Charyte in fayth I am the same Enuy

What nedeth me for to lye
I am youre cosin and so wyll I dye
ye maye be gladde soche a kynsman to haue
Prospe. Shall we haue more a doo yet thou knaue
I charge the, neuer knowe me for thy kynne
Enuye. I praye you one worde or I goo
Prospe. Saye on shortelye then haue I doo
Enuye. Syr, I haue of golde thre hundreth pounde
In a bagge faste ybounde
At home locked in my cheste
I purpose to goo to Jerusalem
ye shall kepe it tyll I come agayne
I putte you beste in truste.
Prospe. Cosyn I woulde fayne doo the beste
Bycause ye are nere of my bloode
Enuye. what, are ye nowe in that moode
Nowe I am youre kyngman because of my good
Before of me he hadde dysdayne
Prospe- As for that I was to blame
ryte. I knewe you not, be not angrye
ye are welcome to me cosyn charytye
Enuye. Then all these matters lette be
I come hyther wyth you to dwell
ye muste haue moo seruauntes I do you tell
Soche as were necessarye for youre person
Prospe- I am contente after youre prouysyon
ryte. In euery thynge lette it be done
As ye thyncke moste expedyende
Enuye. Syr I shall do myne entente
To gette you seruauntes moo
Prospe- I praye you hertelye it maye be so
ryte. A lyttle season I wyll from you goo
To solace me wyth some recreacyon

He that ſytteth aboue the mone
Euermoze be in youre pzotection
A ha here is ſpozte foz a Lozde
That pzoſperite and I be well at accozde
I ſhall bzynge hys thzyfte vnder the bozde
I truſte wythin ſhozte ſpace
Foz it greueth my harte ryghte ſoze
He hath ſo moche treaſure in ſtoze
And I haue neuer the moze
I muſte fynde ſome pzoper ſhyfte
That from hys good he maye be lyfte
To bzynge hym to myſrule I holde it beſte
Foz he can ſoone bzynge it to paſſe
How what rutterkyn haue we here
I wolde he were oure ſubchauntere
Bycauſe he can ſo well ſynge
Venir auecque vous gentyl compaygnon
Faictes bone chere pour lamour de ſainct John
Mon coeur iocunde is ſette on a mery pynne
By my trouth I am diſpoſed to reuelynge
So me thinketh by youre commynge in
what myſrule where haſte thou bene manye yeares
By my trouth euen amonges my peres
I came nowe ſtrayghte from the ſtewes
From lyttle pzetye Jone
Lozde that he is a pzetye one
Holde thy peace, iette, that alone
Harke a wozde oz twayne to the
I dwell nowe wyth pzoſperitye
which hath moche wozldly treaſure
yf thou can contryue in thy thoughte
Howe that he maye be broughte to noughte
In all thys wozlde I delyze nouoze

Here myſrule ſyngeth about commynge in.

Cuthe take no thought therfore
I can prouyde for that in the best wyse.
Then let me heare thy deuyse
I wyll bryng hym to classhe cardes and dyse
And to prospre trulles that be wanton and nyce
whych wyll not be kepte wyth a small pryce
How we thynkest thou wyl not thys do well
yes but harken in your eare
Thou must chaunge thy name
I wyll saye I hyght myrth
And I wyl saye the same.
peace wyght se hym come
God saue al thys honourable company
Syr you be welcome by our blessed ladye
I haue thought for you full longe
Here is a gentyl man, I pray you for my sake
Say he is welcome and into youre seruyce hym take
For great courtesye he can
Syr you be welcome gyue me youre hande
And shewe me what is youre name
Syr my name is myrth
Beloued wyth lordes & ladyes of byrthe
At euery tryumphe I am them wyth
They can me not ones forbere
And ye had sought thys thousande yere
Suche another ye shall not fynde
wherfore I counsell you in my mynde
Let hym dwell wyth you forone yere.
At youre request I am content
Suche a prety man for me were expedyent
And of hys councell fayne wolde I here
Syr ye must synge and daunce & make good chere
I wolde ye had some proper wenche

That were yonge and lusty at appetyte
Yet hele were not so byde as an ynche
She wolde quycken your courage
Peace hath forbyde al that outrage
He wolde set you at dotage
By cause he is olde and nature is passe
He wolde nowe every man shulde lacke
yf ye do so, ye do but waste
And vnto you no nede
I straw we for him ye have no nede
Of hym to stande in awe or drede
A meryer life nowe may ye lede
Therfore be at your owne lybertye.
By my trouth I may saye to the
Sith I to him dyd assent
Had I neuer meryer daye
But lyued in feare and drede alwaie
Nothynge to mine entente
Another while I wyll me dyspose
Synge and daunce to my comforte.
And amonge merye company do resorte
For that shal lenghte your lyfe.
Spare neyther mayde ne wyfe
Take bothe and they come in youre waie
Of wyth this lewde araye
It becommeth you nought by this daye.
By my trouth euen as ye saye
ye marye nowe am I well apayde
Me thynketh I am properly araide:
yf I had a proper trulli she shulde be assayde
In the worshyp of the newe yere
Rusche vp mutton, for beefe is deare
Haue and reuell and chaunce:

Nowe let vs bothe synge and daunce
wyll ye haue a frenshe rounde
And thou shalt se me bounce aboue the groude
Hey with reuell dashe
what prosperite is it come hereto
what deuyll of hell hast thou to do
Shall I not make mery when me lyst.
yet I saye beware of had I wyst
Hens ye knaue or els thou shalt lyche my fyst
I trowe thy heede wolde haue some knockes
Go set hym in a payre of stockes
That I hym no more se
yet man I saye remembre the
And thynke what I to the haue sayde.
Eschewe euermore these ryatours company
And be ruled by reason as I the badde
Put frō the these two persons by whō thou art lade
Enuy & mysrule with theyr synful & great abusyon
whych yf thou wylt not forsake, wyl be thy confusion.
Auaunt lorel, and take thys for a conclusyon
These men from me thou shalt not seperate
Go out of my syght or by cors passyon
I shall laye the fast in newgate
It is better to forsake them betyme then to late
This knaue wolde haue a broken pate
Let me alone by goddes breade
This same swerde shall stryke of hys head.
I praye you hens that he were rydde
Shortly haue hym out of my syght
A lytle whyle geue me respyte
And take hede what I do saye
Remembre in what condycyon thou was
when I fyrst mette the in this place

Full symple in poore araye
Nowe by the grace of god and counsell of me
Thou arte come to great prosperyte
And so mayst continue vntyll thou dye
yf thou wylelye take hede
Let not sensualyte lede the bydell
Be occupyed in vertue, and be not ydell
The better shalte thou procede
These wretches wyll thy goodes spende and waste
Then shalte thou be taken for an out caste
And mocked and scorned wyth moste and leest
Then wyll no man the helpe at nede.
A syr euyll mote thou spede
That so can rede hys dedaunye.
wyl ye suffre thys knaue in youre company
Then God be wyth you I wyll forsake you
Go hence or in fayth I shall make you.
Then to almyghty god I betake you
Let me come to that braggar.
I shal thrust hym thorowe the ars with my dagger
(And here they face Prate out of the place)
Nowe say ye, was not thys a good face
To dryue a knaue out of the place
In fayth thou made hym runne a pace
Thou loked as thou hadde benerpadde
Nowe by my trouth my harte is glad
Some mynstrell nowe I wolde we hadde
To reuell and daunce, for by saynt Chadde
I am so lyght me thinke I flee.
ye mary so shulde it be
For nowe I holde you wyse.
Syr and ye wyll do myne aduyse
Let vs go straight to the floure delyce

Enuye.
Wyse.
Prospe.
Peace.
Enuye.
Wyse.
Prospe.
Enuye.
mischef.

There shall ye fynde a man wyll playe at dyce
with you for an hundreth pounde.
Prospe. what man is he?
Mystru. Colehallarde came late from be yonde the see
Ragged and torne in a garded cote
And in hys purse neuer a grote
And nowe he goeth lyke a lorde
Prospe. I pray the tell me at our worde
Is he a gentyl man borne.
Enuye. Tushe take no thought therfore
For be he gentyl man. knaue, or boye
If he come hether with tryfle, or a toye
He can no money lacke.
Prospe. Now by the breade that god brake
Enuye. I thynke he longe tyll I hym se
Wyth gode sore and ordayne a good dysshe
One of fleshe and another of fysshe
Enuye. Nay let all be fleshe
A yonge pullet tender and neshe
That neuer came on broche, haue with ye or thou go
Mystru. what shall I haue?
Enuye. Foure quarters of a knaue.
Roted vpon a spyttre. Exit mystruste.
Prospe. Nowe by my trouth and colehallarde wyll syt
I wyll play as long as an hundreth pound wyll last.
Enuye. And ye wyll play an hundreth pounde at a cast
He wyll kepe your playe.
Prospe. Then let vs go our waye
Enuye. I syt on thornes tyll I come ther
That shall make your thryfte full bare
Prospe. what wyll it do?
Enuye. I say we shall haue good chere
When we come there. Exit amb.

When phebus dyscloseth and the gentle nyght
And obscrues hyght his wbes in euery place
Then trees herbes, and grasse, by course natural
want theyr chefe cõfort, thus sayth many a clarke.
And lyke wyse that a man in hys warke
Is dystytute of reason, folowyng sensuall operacyon
The laste tyme I was in thys place
Prosperite vnto my rule put hys hole confidence
He regarded not my counsell, he lacked grace
which in tyme coming, shal turne hym to inconuenyence
wyth hasardes, and vyotters, he hepeth resydence
At clasche and cardes, with al vnthryfty game
whych in contynaunce shall bryng hym to shame
To hym yet I wyl resorte
yf he be brought in pouertye
I shall do hym al the comforte
And all the helpe that lyeth in me
I wyl neuer reste tyl I hym se
But seke about from place to place
And bryng hym to some better grace. Exit.
Coll hasarde arte thou there
Horeson knaue wylt thou no appere
By my trouth I had wente to haue founde hym here
I holde hym gone some other waye
And where is enuye I can not hym espye
I trowe he is wyth prosperytye
Prosperyte, nay, I maye cal hym folysche poueрte
As wyse as a drake
I haue brought hym to dyce, cardes, and clasche
And euer on hys syde ranne the losse
That he is not worthe a handfull of mosse
Neyther hath not a hole brat to hys backe.

Enuye. Pardon of god ys it come to that
These tydynges makyth my hart glade.
Wyltru. In sayth he hath neyther golde, syluer, ne plate
Collhallarde and I be both at one
He promysed me to haue halfe the game
That euery thynge shall be deuyded iust wayne
He to haue the one halfe and I the other
Enuye. Then lette vs be partyners as brother and brother
Wyltru. I can not saye, tyll Collhallarde come
Then shall we knowe, bothe all and some
Collhal- Here is a bagge of golde so rounde
larde. Here is two thousande pounde
O prosperyte me is wo[r]thie
What man is able wyth me to make comparison
Nowe shall I take a marchauntes place
To occupye I truste wythin shorte space
To be increadence wyth Englysh men
And when I am so well be truste
I maye borowe so moche as me luste
I subtyll crafte then fynde I muste
To conuaye vnder coloure lyke free men
Enuye. Harke thys knaue so proude and stoute
That hadde not to hys arse a hole cloute
whē he came to this land, & now hath brought about
To compare wyth a state
Nitsrule Nowe muste I haue halfe money and halfe plate
Collhal. Naye by God there thou spake to late
None therof from me shall scape
Then hadde I ioyned to longe
Nitsrule Thou promised me, when thou begaime
Halfe thy wynnynge I shoulde haue
Collhal. Holde thy peace lewde knaue
Knowest thou to whom thou doest speake

A horeson thy head wat I breake misr
For the passyon of god lorde you mode Enuy
I feare shedynge of knaues bloude
¶ Here they fyght and runne all out of the place
And then entreth prosperite poorely and sayeth.
O Jesu what maye thys meane Poue
My goodes are spent and wasted away
Also my men are from me clene
I se them not this seuen nyghtes daye
As longe as I myght spende and paye
They helde me vp with false dissymulacyon
And now they forsake me in my most trybulacyon
Come for cors bones, why tary ye so longe Enuy
In sayth I come as faste as I can misru
I am so angrye I wote not what to do
That yonder knaue scaped from me so
What knaue is thys I holde hym some spye Enuy
I am youre mayster, knowe ye not me Poue
Thou arte come a late oute of marshallsee Enuy
Me thynke hys hayre groweth thorow his hode misru
Alas Coll hallarde hath wone all my good Poue
And lefte me neuer a groate
Mary so me thinke, ye haue chaunged your coate Enuy
But nowe ye haue one bauntage.
What is that. (nother daye Poue
your executors shal not striue for your goodes a Enuy
Nor theues shall not robbe you goynge by the waye
Thus ye shall stande oute of doute
Hens ragged knaue or thou shal beare me a clout misru
Hys clothes smell all of the smoke
Nowe by saynt Hewe that holy bysshoppe Enuye
Thys matter is well brought to passe
He is nowe a lma we as he was.

Fyll a knaue and then a pyll
And nowe he is a knaue agayne
Why saye ye so ye be to blame
I am youre mayster prosperyte
Auaunt lozell and euyll to the
Get the out of thys companye
Begynnest thou now to make comparyson
Let hym be your vnder page
Geue hym meate and drynke, but no wage
Go brushe hys gowne & make clene hys shone
Wel knaue canst thou no courteysye
He hath soche a dysease in hys knee
Ye can not chaunce a man groate
It is not as ye wene
Come and se my shone made clene
By my fayth he shall wype mine
Thys knaue is not mete for me
It greueth my harte when I hym se
I wyl go hence and leue you twayne
For enuy thou mayst with pouerty rayne. Exit.
Maye I had leuer he were slayne
I am gone as sone as ye
I byde styll wyth me gentyll charyte
O to whome shulde I se we, to whom shuld I plette
O mortall wozme wrapped all in wo
as a man all mortified, and mased in my wytte
A captyue in captyuite, so fortune is my foo
I am in endlesse sozowe, alas what shall I do
these captiues thozow theyr counsel & fals imaginacyō
haue brought me to nought ȳ was of great reputacyō
wo wozth the tyme that I them knew
I maye well syghe and saye alas
For nowe I fynde these wozdes full trewe

That peace shewed me here in this place
I regarded not hys counsell. I lacked grace
wherfore nedy powerte on me doth blowe hys horne
That euery man and womā doth laugh me to scorne
Example to all ponge men when they take in hand
To occuppye in the worlde for your behofe
Lyke wysely before and also vnderstande
Euyll compani destroyeth man on me ye se the prose
Make a sure foundacyon, or ye set vp the rofe
Of a good & vertuous beginning cometh a good ending
And euermore be ware of vnmeasurable spendynge

¶ Here entreth the Sommer.

Som. I a syte you in our court to appeare
Power. I praye you tell me wherefore
Somn. ye be greate sclaunderer and full of enuy
Power. There wyll no man saye so but ye
Somn. what wylt thou geue me and thou shalt go quyte.
Power. By my trouth I haue not one myte
Somn. Then open penaunce & thou art lyke
Power. By my trouth I sclaunder no man
Somn. Then come & secule thy self as well as thou can

¶ Yaboundance entreth.

Yabou. what man is he that can me dismaye
For I optayne all thynge at my wyll
Or who dare any thynge agaynst me saye
what so euer I do be it good or yll
For yf he do he were better be styll
I shall hym punishe be it ryghte or wronge
For wyth my purse I can both saue and hange
To repugne agaynst me: he were better be styll
I haue a propre trull for my pastaunce
In my chamber I her kepe, bothe nyght and daye
My neyghbours her wyth, taketh great greuaunce

yet I kepe her still, who so euer say nay
How be it there is one a poore caytyte I heare saye
Hath me accused in the courte spirituall
And it coste me a.C.li. punishe him I shall
Som. Ayen synne must haue open penaunce
God spede my mayster habourndaunce
Saboll. What knaue arte thou with a very myschaunce:
That cometh into homely.
Sōner. Syr I praye you be not angrye
I am an officer of the spiritualtye
Ther is vpon you a great sclaunde
ye kepe another mannes wyfe in your chambre:
And lyue in great aduantrye.
Saboll. What wretches doeth so say by me.
Som. It is openly knowen euery where
Before my mayster I charge you to appere:
vpon a bone there shall ye swere:
Whether it be so or no
Saboll. What is the beste for me to do
Rather then I to the courte wyll goo
I had leuer spende twentie pounde
Sōner. Syr of soche a way may be founde
To excuse you what wyll ye then saye:
Saboll. Now therof hartely I the praye
Som. ye shall come home to my maysters place:
And saye that ye be put vp of malyce
Thrust mony in his hande a pace
And so shal ye go quyte away.
Saboll. For thy counsel gramercy, holde here is.xl. pence.
Som. Come on sir I wyll do my dylygence. exiūt ambo.
Here entreth ỹ sonner agayne, & pouerte folowyth him with a candell in his hāde doyng penaūce aboute the place. And then sayth the sonner.
Som. Rowne lyrs auoydaunce.

That thys wantonnesse do hys penaunce
Now haue I my penaunce done
Nay thou shalt aboute ones agayne
The powerte and trouble that I endure
I cannot to you in fewe wordes expresse
yf it shulde be into god no displeasure
I wolde desyre death my payne to release
Soche is my penurye and troublesome busynesse
That I coude in no wyse, suffre it pacientlye
But that I truste to wynne heauen thereby
What mā art thou that maketh soch lamentacyon
Mayster peace I desyre you of pardon
I am youre seruaunt some tyme called prosperyte
Howe came thou to thys perplexyte
Coll hasarde, my frule, and false enuy
Brought me to hys destresse
I shewed the before playne expresse
Then of my wordes thou hadest dysdayne
Therfore nowe it is to me greate payne
what persons are those that dyd him accuse
Syr he is put vp by sute of offyce.
Sute of offyce, then it is so
Ther hath ben certayne persons thre or two
Soche artycles to the iudge dyd shewe
Ye oughte therto to haue good respecte
And do swere these persons vpon a bybe
For louene dreb they say but trewe
For it is not lefull for a called, a caytyfe, or a knaue
Agaynst honest persons soch matters for to haue
To put a man to open penaunce without dewe somple.
Syr whē I entred myne office this was one of the
To herken about and heare
For bachelytery, false sclaunderers, and false lyers.

Symatykes, hompysdes, and great blures
Bandes, aduouterrys, forny catours, and echeters
All soch must penaunce do
I kno we one soche came neuer thereto.
Who is that?
His name is called habounddaunce
Whych hath done many a great offence
For he hepeth another manies wyfe
No maner of penaunce ye make hym do
But redemeth wyth money and let hym go
So in aduoutrye kyl he ledeth hys lyfe
He made is purgacyon vpon a bolle
Or els redemed wyth the syluer holle
Syluer holle, thad I deuyse
For it is a playne decree
That open synne muste do open punishemēte
There can be no soche iudgemente
That money shall stop the lawe
Naye there stoppe and laye a strawe
where ye anye man a substaunce
Put to open penaunce
But punyshed by the purse
A poore man that hath nought ye to paye
He shalbe punyshed thys ye se euery daye
But yf he be obstynaunt and wyll not obeye
Anone they wel thym curse.
wel for thy saying another day ȳ shal fare ȳ worse.
Eyre comineth.
Eyre I beseche you comfort me with some solace.
Thou art well punyshed for thy trespasse
By cursyd vnne sonshall and vndiscrete operacyon
Hath brought the to all thys tribulacyon
Stande vp, wyth thys vesture ȳ shal the rene we,

Syr I thanke you, & wyll do at your co̅maundemẽt power.
And for my tyme myspent I am sore ashamed
yf ye do as I you bydde ye shall not be blamed Peace.
Forsake enuy and, mysrule with al their olde perets
Be co̅uersaunt w good mẽ goodnes therof wyl grow
Folow the sayenge of Dauid: cū sancto sanctus eris
For wycked me̅ reuerence wycked seed do sowe
what co̅meth of euil co̅pany now thy self doth know
Print it well in thy memory and do it not forgette
Many a man doth decay for lacke of good forewitte
Syr your sayenges is ful true I haue perceyued it Prospe-
And for the vertuous counsell that ye to me haue geue ryte.
I shall be your oratour whyle I haue a day to lyue
Soueraynes here may ye se proued before you al Peace.
Of thys wauton worlde the great fragilyte
Euer mutable of the turnyng as a bal
Now flode of ryches now ebbe of pouerte
What shulde men set by this worldes vanyte
Thynke on this lesson and do it not forget
The gayest of vs al is but wormes meate
Withe the suppostacyon of thys noble audyence Prospe-
we haue here shewed thys symple enterlude ryte.
Besechyng you of your benyuolence to take pacyence
It is but a myrrour vice to exclude
The mat er hereof his entent was good
No man to displease olde nor ponge
yf any faute be therin we desyre you of pardon
Let vs pray al to that lorde of great magnificence Peace.
To send amonge vs peace rest and vnyte
And Jesu preserue our soueraigne Quene of preclare
preeminence
with al her noble consanguynyte
And to sende them grace to the vsse to obtayne

After them to rule this most chrysten realme
O good Lord as thou arte omypotent
Haue regarde vnto my petycyon
Conserue thys noble realme, and all that are present
Of thy eternall depte graunt them at thy frupcyon
And from our mortall enemies be oure protectyon
Jesu as thou vs redemed, bryng vs to the blesse
There as aungels synge, Gloꝛya in excelsis
Amen.

Thus endeth the enterlute called
Impacyente pouertye.

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